A Choice

COMPENDIUM,

OR, AN

Exact Collection

of the Newest, and most Delightful,

SONGS,

That are SUNG

AT

COURT,

AND BOTH THE

Theatres.

Collected by J. H.

Printed by *T. H.* for *P. Brooksby*, 1681.

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Song.

A Lovely pair endued by Fate,
With Wealth and Beauties whole Estate
At the sweetest Game had been,
You know, you know what I mean.
You know, &c.

For Kisses first these Lovers plaid,
The pleasant sport provokes the Maid,
To that height, she growing mad,
Almost plaid for what she had,
But the Maid was not so mad,
But, &c.

She'l ask her Fathers leave, she swears,
Then she'l play for what he dares;
Leave is had, and to't they go,
What I mean you know, you know,
What I mean, &c.

To deeper Play they now begin,
The Young-Mans happy Hand is in;
And now they have staked all their joys,
She's the looser, for she cuts,
She's the looser, &c.

And now she wins, a tempting sight,
Has won her Lap full of Delight;
To deeper play she urges on,
But alas! his stake's all gone;
But alas! &c.

And now she locks her Cabinet,
But he will play another set;
And now his Hand is in again,
You know, you know what I mean;
You know, &c.

A Song on the *Parliaments* sitting:

NOw Englands *great Counsel's assembl'd to make*
Laws for all English-*Born Free-Men;*

Sinc

since 'tis dangerous to prate
of matters of State:
Let's handle our Wine and our Women,
we'l drink to the Senates best thoughts,
For the good of the King and the Nation;
May they dig on the Spot,
As deep for the Plot,
As the Jesuits have lay'd the Foundation.
A Pox of all Zealots and Fools,
and each silly Protestant hater;
Better turn Cat in Pan,
And Dye like a Man,
Than be Hang'd and Dye like a Traytor.

Song at the *Kings Play-House.*

GOddess Minerva, Wise, austere,
Sober, Valiant, Chast, and Fair,
We bring thee here
a kind, a young, a lovely pair;
Who beg thy leave to joyn their Hands
In Chast and Holy Marriage Bands.

Do let him be active Fire,
Ever Burning in Desire:
Ever free, ever free, ever free
From any smoak of Jealousie,

Lee

Let her be Water soft to all his touches,
Ever Hot when he approaches:
When he takes away his Eye,
Ever froze with Chastity:
When he takes, &c.

Mild and humble let her flow,
Ne'r let Tempest curb her Brow;
Love possess her Tender Heart,
And ne'r let Love and Beauty part:
Love possess, &c.
The Goddess great now joyn their hands,
In Chast and Holy Marriage-Bands.

A Catch.

COme Boys, fill us a Bumper,
we'l make the Nations roar;
She's grown sick of a Rumper,
that sticks upon the old score:
Pox of Fanaticks, rout 'um,
they thirst for our Blood:
We'l raise Taxes without 'um,
and Drink for the Nations good.
Fill the Pottles and Gallons,
and bring the Hogs-head in;
We'l begin with a Tallen,
a brimmer to the King.

A Song on the Earl of Rochester's Death.

AS on his Death-Bed Gasping Strephon *lay,*
Strephon *the wonder of the Plains,*
The noblest of the Arcadian *Swains,*
Strephon *the noblest, wittiest, and the gay:*
With many a sigh and many a Tear, he said,
Remember me ye Shepherds when I'm dead.

Ye trifling Glories of the World adieu,
And vain Applauses of the Age,
For when we quit this Earthly Stage,
Believe me Shepherds for I tell you true:
Those pleasures which from vertuous deeds we have,
Procure the sweetest Slumbers in the Grave.

Then since this fatal hour will surely come,
Surely your Heads lye low as mine,
Your bright Meridian *Sun Declines,*
Beseech the mighty Pan *to guide you home:*
If to Elizium *you would Happy flye,*
Live not like Strephon, *but like* Strephon *Dye.*

Song.

GO *Perjur'd Man, and if thou e're Return,*
Go Perjur'd Man, and if thou e're Return,
To see the small Remainder of my Urn,
And if thou e're return, &c.
When thou shalt Laugh, shalt Laugh,
and ask where's now,

The

of Womans Beauty;
And perhaps with Rude, with Rude Hands,
riff'd the Flowers which the Virgins strew'd;
Know I have pray'd to Pitty,
Know I have pray'd to Pitty,
that the Wind
Might blow my Ashes up,
Know I have pray'd, &c.
and strike thee Blind.

A Song on going by Water.

Will you go by Water Sir,
I am the Sculler,
Go with my Fayr up West-ward *Sir,*
my Boat shall be no fuller:
Next Oars Sir, next Oars,
whether is it you go,
To Fox-Hall *or* Westminster,
or through Bridge Ho?
Pray Master trim the Boat,
and sit a little higher,
Sir you have a handsome Woman by ye,
methinks you may sit nigher:
Come Boy lay the Stretcher,
and sit down to the Oar,
You Sir, will you change
a Rogue for a Whore?

with a pox to you hold Waver,
Look, look, the Rogue runs foul on us,
remember this hereafter.
Come Land us here at Kings-Bridge,
I Sir, if you are willing,
Here Waser-man here's Six-pence,
good faith 'tis worth a Shilling.

A SONG,
On two *Lancashire* Men meeting.

WHy how now Rogue, what make you here,
Ween you ware your penny for a flaggon of beer,
Good faith with all his heart, if I could but tell where,
Ween you gang to yond Wheather which hangs by the middle,
So we'l Fuddle our Noses, and Drink to Old Sibbil,
And faith we wou'd Daunce if we had but a Fiddle.

Hoy Ostler, hoy Ostler, are you within,
Ods-flesh he is Drunk, which makes him so Grim,
You are welcome kind Sir, will you please to walk in,
Come fill us a Flaggon o'th best in the House,
And bring us some Bread, with a great deal of Sowse,
Or else for the Shot we'l not give you a Lowse.

Come Honest Rogue, and sit by the fire,
A pox of the Devil, the Pope, and the Fryar,
To have settled Times is all our Desire.

Song.

Song.

HEnce Cupid with your Cheating Toys,
Your real Griefs and painted Joys,
Your Pleasures which it self Destroys:
Love like men in Feavors burn and rave,
And only what insures them does deceive.
Mans Weakness makes Love so severe,
They give him power by their fear,
And make the Shackles which they wear.
Who to another does his heart submit,
Makes his own Idol, and does worship it;
Him whose heart is all his own,
Peace and Liberty does Crown,
He apprehends no killing Frown;
Feels no Raptures which are joys desens'd,
And is not much transported, but still pleas'd.

Song.

THink not dear Love that I'le reveal
Those hours of pleasure we two steal;
Nor Eye shall see, nor yet the Sun,
discry what thee and I have done:
Nor Ear shall hear of Love, but we
As silent as the Night will be:
The God of Love himself, whose Dart,
Doth first wound mine, and then thine heart?
Shall never know what we can tell,
What sweets in stoln Imbraces dwell.

Song.

Song.

Joy to the Bride-groom, fill the Skies,
with pleasing sounds of welcome, joys;
Joy to the Bride, a lasting bliss,
And every day may prove like this.

You that enjoy the beauteous fair,
Be true to Love, and ele take care;
For that which plagues a Woman most,
Is when her expectation's crost.

Never was Marriage Joys Divine,
But when Two does in one combine;
He that proves false, himself does cheat,
Like sick that taste, but cannot eat.

What is a Maiden-head? *O what?*
Of which weak fools so often prate?
Oh 'tis a Virgins *pride and boast,*
That ne'r was found but when 'twas lost.

On Mans Inconstancy.

OH Love *thou art a Treasure,*
should Constancy remain;
But for an hour of Pleasure,
we feel an Age of pain;
How eager is the Lover,
But when his joys are over,
Poor Women do discover,
The Vows of Men are vain.

A Pastoral at the Dukes House.

Hail to the Myrtle Shades,
all hail to the Nymphs of the Field,
Kings will not here Invade,
though Vertue all Freedom yields:
Beauty here opens her Arms,
to soften the languishing mind,
And Phillis Unlocks her Charms,
ah! Phillis so fair and Unkind.

Phillis the Soul of Love,
the joys of the Neighbouring Swain;
Phillis that Crowns the Grove,
and Phillis that Guilds the Plain;
Phillis that ne'r had the skill,
to paint, and to patch, and be fine,
Yet Phillis has Eyes can Kill,
whom Nature has made Divine.

Phillis whose Charming Tongue,
makes labour and pain a delight;
Phillis that makes the Day long,
and shortens the live-long Night:
Phillis whose lips like May,
still Laugh at the sweets that they bring;
Whilst love never knows decay,
but thence flows Eternal Spring.

A Song at the Dogs Theatre.

NNow now the Fight's done, and the great God of War,
Lies sleeping in shades, and Unravels his Care;
Love laughs in his Rest, and the Souldiers Alarms,
With Drums and with Trumpets, and struts in his Arms:
He Rides with his Launce, and the Bushes he hangs,
And his brave Bloody Sword on the Willow-Tree hangs.
Love Smiles when she feels the sharp pains of his Dart,
And he wings it to hit the great God on the Heart;
Who leaves his Steel Bed, and his Bolsters of Brass,
For Pillows of Roses, and Coaches of Grass:
His Courser of lightning is now grown so slow,
That a Cupid on's Saddle sits bending his Bow.
Love, love, is the Cry, love and Kisses go round,
Whilst Phillis and Damon lye Clasp'd on the Ground:
The Shepherd too soon does his pleasure Destroy,
'Tis Abortive she cryes, and does Murder my Joy;
But he Rallys again by the force of her Charms,
And Kisses, Embraces, and Dyes in her Arms.

Bartholomew Fayr.

HEre's that will Challenge all the Fayr,
Come buy my Nuts, Damzens, my Burgamy Pairs;
Here's the Whore of Babylon, the Devil and the Pope,
The Girl is just a going on the Rope:
Here's Dives and Lazarus, and the Worlds Creation,
Here's the Tall Dutch Woman, the like's not i'th Nation.

Here

Here is the Bosch where the High-Dutch *Man is,*
Here are Bares that Dance like any Ladies.
Tat, tat, tat, tat, tah, says the little Penny Trumpet,
Here's Jacob Hall *that does Jump it, Jump it.*
Sound Trumpet, sound, for Silver Spoon and Fork,
Come here's your Dainty Pigg and Pork.

A Song in Praise of Beauty.

FOols to themselves do Riches prize,
some Dazling Greatness Blind;
Beauty alone can Charm our Eyes,
and Love Delight our Mind;
Beauty alone, &c.
What is the use Wealth or power,
by which we Men subdue;
If not in order to gain more,
and Vanquish Women too?
If not in order, &c.
Beauty the Fame of all Delight,
without loves life were vain,
Th' ambitious Toyl, the Valiant Fight,
for this, for this Kings Raign.
Th' ambitious Toyl, &c.
Who e're in these place his Desires,
goes right in Natures way;
All others are but Wandring Fires,
which lead Man-kind astray:
All others are but, &c.

Song:

FArewel Ungrateful Traytor,
farewel my perjur'd Swain;
Let never Injur'd Creature,
believe a Man again.
The pleasure of possessing,
Surpasses all Expressing,
But Joy's too short a Blessing,
and love too long a pain;
But Joy's too short, &c.
'Tis easie to Deceive us,
in pitty of your pain:
But when you leave, you leave us
to Rail at you in vain:
Before we have Discry'd it,
There is no Bliss beside it,
But she that once has try'd it,
will never love again.
But she that, &c.
The passion you pretended,
was only to obtain;
But when the Charm is ended,
the Charmer you disdain.
Your love by hours was easie,
Till we have lost our Treasure,
But Dying is a pleasure,
when living is a pain.
But Dying, &c.

Song.

Arise, arise, thou happy Nymph, whose Charms;
Have conquer'd all the glory of my Arms;
Still may these Joys encrease,
And Angel-beauty grow.

Come away from the cooler shades, make haste;
That lovers sweet pleasures may equally taste:
And on thy Snowy Breast,
For ever I may rest.

Oh! happy Moment must that Moment be,
That does assign our Sacred Harmony:
May Blessings crown that Hour;
Whilst time shall be no more.

Oh! why delays my joy for to appear,
No prying Eyes can view our Actions here;
These spreading Trees will shade,
Sweet Nymph be not afraid.

Our joys shall Rival those of Saints above;
And all shall wonder at our Constant love;

The

That shall know,
It does flow
So supream
That no Dream,
Nor Vision of the Night,
Can with their shade affright;
From such Joy,
From such Bliss,
As in this
Happiness,
None can miss;
But may for ever prove,
The sacred Badge of Love, &c.

Song.

HOw Unhappy is my Fate,
Forc'd by Honours proud alarms;
To Storm Ambition does create,
And leave Dorinda's *softer Charms.*
Instead of Days and Nights of Love,
Lull'd upon peaseful Beds of Down;
Must through a Thousand dangers roue,
And tho' I Conquer, be o'rethrown:
For when *Dorinda* I must leave,
For time hath nothing more to give.

Pleasant Groves and parting Streams,
Made for Lovers kind Repose;
Songs, and Kisses, and sweet Dreams:
All these Blessings I must lose:
When Drums and Trumpets Ring my Knell,
And e'ry Footstep is my Grave;
Then my Dorinda, *then Farewell,*
And pitty him, Love could not save,
Tho' Fate oppos'd, his Heart was true,
And dying, sigh'd, and thought of you.

The Merry Bells of *Oxford.*

OH the Merry Christ-Church *Bells,*
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six;
They troul so wondrous deep,
So waundy sweet,
And they Chime so Merrily, Merrily,
Hark! the First and Second Bell,
At e'ry Day by Four and Ten,
Crys, cum, cum, cum, cum, cum *to Prayers;*
And the Virgins troop before the Deans,

Tincle,

Tincle, Tincle, Tincle, *goes the little Bell,*
To call in every Soul,
But the Devil a Man
Will leave his Can,
Till they hear the Mighty Toul.

The Mock.

OH the Merry Tinkers Crew,
Will, Moll, Doll, Kate, *and* Sue,
They drink so wondrous deep,
So woundy deep,
And they Chat so Merrily, Merrily,
Hark! the bauling Brats do cry,
About the Streets as you pass by,
Oh! good Sir, Pray Sir, one Farthing;
And thus these Bantlings never lin:
Tincle, Tincle, Tincle, *goes the Frying-Pan,*
To call the Doxies home:
But the Devil a Fade,
Will leave her Trade,
Till the Mighty Tinkers cum.

Song.

OH! how I ſigh for my Love and diſpair,
He's gone, and no more for his Phillis *takes care;*
Alas fond Maid, whilſt my hopes I did ſhroud,
He thought me like Ixions Juno, *a Cloud*
Not worth his Enjoyment, and therefore is gone,
Whilſt on this Rock I ſit weeping alone.

And to the Ocean adding more Bryne,
Whilſt he regardleſs all Love does deſign;
And makes me ſuffer, yet juſt is my Fate,
For I have been cruel to thoſe that did treat:
Whilſt they tormented themſelves all in vain,
But now o're me does the Tyrant Love Reign.

Song.

MY Særaphinia bright and Fair,
Like to the glorious Morning Star;
So Raviſhing in bliſsfuul Pleaſure,
That the Angels gaze at leiſure,
And wonder to behold ſuch Bliſs,
Admiring Mortals happineſs.

Whilſt

VVhilst in the Flowery Meads we lie,
And sporting pass the flying Day:
So kind and Beautious ne'r before,
Could Man e're study to Adore:
Precious in Form so much Divine,
That like the Suns bright Rayes does Shine.

Oh! how I melt in her Embrace,
VVhilst Ruby Blushes spread her Face;
And bashful sighs from Love arise,
VVhilst that her Soul Darts from her Eyes,
So are our Joys the height of Bliss,
And we lye down in happiness.

Song.

MAN that gains a Married Treasure,
Puts himself in Debt to Pleasure;
And by sordid Repitition,
Pauls his Fancy in Fruition:
Houshold cares will always be distracting,
Women Mutinous and Exacting,

Mar

More than Husbands can allow 'um,
Let them have their wills
Abroad in Bed, at Board,
Or you undoe them.
Beauties Empire like the Creſſant,
Should be Youthful, Airy, Pleaſant;
They that love but for enjoying,
Feed their Luſts with Loves deſtroying:
Vertue ſhould be ever ſtill admiring,
Always conſtant and aſpiring;
When they loſe their Native freedom,
And their Beauties decoy'd,
Injoy'd, Deſtroy'd,
Fate ill does lead 'um.

To a Bride.

Bluſh not Redder than the Morning,
Though the Virgins give you warning;
Sigh not at the chance befell you,
Though they ſmile, and dare not tell you:
Sigh not at the, *&c.*

Maids like Turtles love the Chooing,
Bill and murmer in their Wooing;

Thus

Thus like you they ſtart and tremble,
And their troubl'd joys diſſemble:
Thus like, &c.

Graſp the pleaſure while 'tis coming,
Though your Beauties now a blooming;
Leaſt old Time your joys do ſever,
Ah! Ah! they part, they part for ever:
Leaſt old time, &c.

A Song.

When Blooming Youth ſhall preſent you
with charms that are laſting and gay,
Let not time nor old Age prevent you,
whilſt the haſty minutes ſlip ſo ſoon away;
Let not time, &c.

Song.

This Bumper to Bacchus *we'l drink it all round,*
Whilſt our cares in the ſtreams of our pleaſures
(are drown'd,
And our heads like the Glaſſes turn equally round.

Dam the Ale and Tobacco, 'tis nothing but Wine
Inſpires a Mans Soul, and makes a Divine,
It will Sacrifice us to fair Venus's *ſhrine.*

Let

Let Porters carouse in black Pessots, whilst we
Drink nought but the Juice of the sacrific'd Tree;
To Bacchus *and* Venus *we'l Votaries be.*

Let e'ry Man stand with his Bottle and suck,
Hang the Man that does sip, let him drink like a Duck,
And when we'r all drunk, we will range like a Buck.

A Song.

STrife, hurry, and noyse, that fills the lewd Town
Sure at last 'tis time to give over;
And in the calm shades of the Country alone,
Blest quiet and ease to recover.

Smiling hopes, idle fears, and restless desires,
are the busie Mans constant attendants;
What he vainly persues, the mind that retires,
already is come to the end on't.

The passionate Lovers address to Neptune. A New Song, &c.

GReat Neptune *Sea-green God of Waves,*
Whose Trydent in the Billows laves;
Who rides upon the Boisterous deep,
In Chariots that like Whirl-winds sweep

The

The surface of the Raging Oceans,
And tames with Rains their vill Commotions.

Blew Tyrons *and the Syrian Train,*
Attend thee on thy Auzier Main,
With sounding Shells and Charming Songs,
The nimble Dolphins wait in Throngs:
Cloud-spouting Whales thy Heraulds are,
And through the Seas thy Message bear.

Therefore to thee now I Address,
To save my Love from Winds distress;
And guard him safe through rouling Seas,
The Stormy Tempests all appease:
With gentle Beizes fill his Sails,
And speed him home with prosperous Gales.

That I may clasp him in my Arms,
And there secure him safe from harms;
In Loves Embraces pant and Sigh,
So in Excess of Pleasure Dye:
But Dying with so sweet a Pain,
We shall but Dye to Live again.

Song.

TOm Jones's *Nose I mean to abuse,*
Thy jolly Nose Tom *provokes my Muse;*
Thy Nose jolly Tom *that shews so bright,*
I'le easily know it by its own Light.

Thy Nose Tom Jolly *no jest it will bear,*
Although it yields Matter enough, and to spare;
But jolly Toms *Nose for all he can do,*
Breeds worms in its self, and in our heads too:

To Toms *Nose, jolly* Toms *Nose,*
The more it is better, the more it glows:
Then Drink to Tom Jolly *a Cooling Glass,*
Or jolly Toms *Nose will Fire his Face.*

A New Play-House Song, as it is sung at the Dukes Theatre.

PHœbus *God beloved by Men,*
At thy dawn every Beast is roun'd in his Den;

At thy Setting all the [illegible]
And we dye, all dye, till the [illegible]
Phœbus *God below'd by* [illegible]
Idol of the Eastern [illegible]
Awful as the God who [illegible]
His Thunders round, and [illegible]
God of Songs and Orphean [illegible]
Who to this Mortal Bosom [illegible]
All Harmonious Heavenly [illegible]
Thy drouzy Prophet to Revive,
Ten thousand thousand Forms before [illegible]
With Horses and Chariots all, O [illegible]
Convulsions and Furies and Prophesies [illegible]
Let him tell it in Groups, tho' he [illegible]
Tho' he burst with [illegible]

Song.

Let [illegible]
Which [illegible]
Let [illegible]
Those [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

But in my [illegible] Impose,
Such a Bliss that I blush to disclose;
Lye Panting on hills of soft Snow,
To fatham the Spring that's below,
VVhilst Oh! Sir, forbear, she is crying,
VVith [illegible], but too faint for denying:
Whilst Oh! Sir, &c.

VVhilst [illegible] with passion of Love,
Fresh Streams of fresh transports we move
Through all the Meanders of Bliss,
VVhilst [illegible] could equally wish
Such joys that [illegible] fattate with knowing,
But Pleasures [illegible]
Such joys, &c.

The willing Virgin, Or Love in a Dream. A New Song.

HAil [illegible] Jesus! [illegible]
To [illegible]
A Virgins [illegible]
He rais'd those wishes, Love made strong:

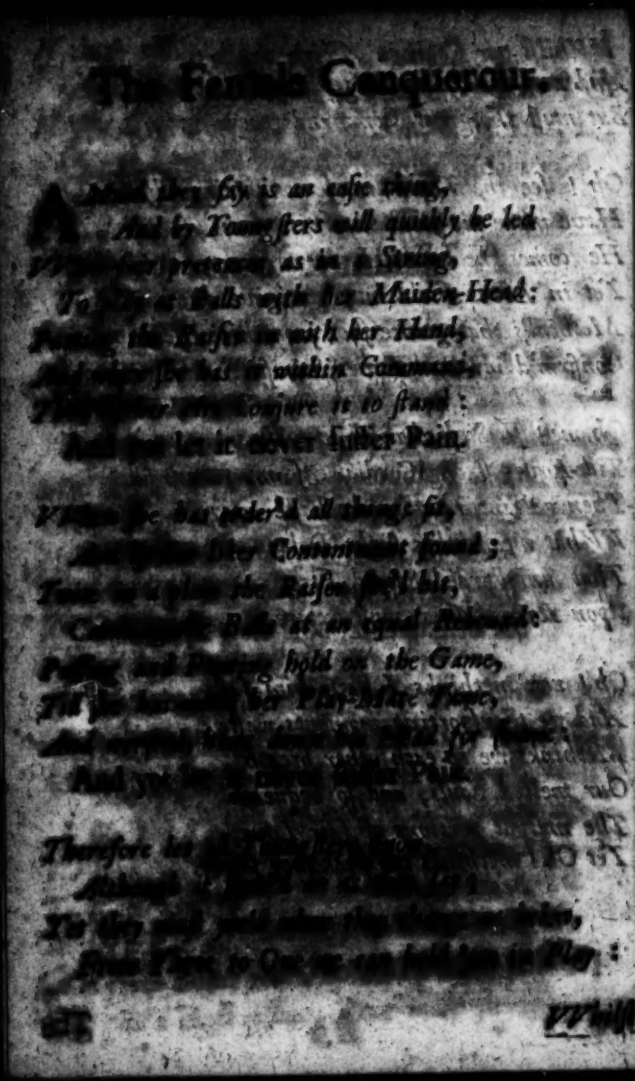
And

And must I live no longer [illegible]
But must thy great Commands obey

Oh! see the Youth, whose conqu'ring Charms
Have made me yield into his Arms;
He comes, he comes, I can no more,
Yet in Loves Field must not give o'er
Methinks that glance shot from his Eyes
Confirm'd my Soul Loves Sacrifice.

Oh me! I Sigh, but all in vain
Till Loves strong Cordial ease my pain
Then gallant Youth make haste away
What means this fatal Delay?
That unregarded Scorch Fire
Upon Loves Alter must expire.

Oh! now methinks I have [illegible]
And we transporting [illegible]
Methinks we [illegible]
Our melted Souls [illegible]
The mutual [illegible]
Yet Oh! [illegible]



VVhilst our Courage [illegible]
VVe make them [illegible]
Yet leave them nothing stiff but their [illegible]
Notwithstanding they dare not com[illegible]

A Health to *Bacchus*.

L*Et the Ghosts in Black* Erebus [illegible]
VVhilst the Moon does [illegible]
And Billows be tumbling to Shoar,
VVhilst to Bacchus *a Brimmer* [illegible]
Come Bowl away
Brook [illegible]
But fairly Play:
He drinks [illegible]

'Twill drive [illegible]
And make [illegible]
'Tis Nectar, [illegible]
And makes Life to [illegible]
Come [illegible]
Brook [illegible]
[illegible]
He that [illegible] not, so Nature does [illegible]

If [illegible] all [illegible] again,
[illegible] around,
He's a Slave that presumes to Complain,
For no Pleasure like Drinking is found.

To Mars.

Great God of fierce Battels,
Whose Chariot still Rattles
Through Towns, and through Cities, and Fields;
[illegible] thy dread Throne,
Dost Deride when we Groan,
And delight'st in the Clanking of Shields.

On whom the dread Furies,
Do continually wait,
To Crown thy Arm with fresh Slaughter;
While loud Shrieks and Death,
Are the [illegible] of thy Breath,
And Blood [illegible] like water.

Amongst [illegible]
On the Land or the Main,
Where e're war loud Thunder [illegible] rear;
Thou stand'st Rage as thou [illegible]
In the Boisterous [illegible]
And from thence roul Destruction [illegible]

A

A Stellar bright I saw her sit;
by yonder River side;
Her beauties light adorning it,
whilst purling streams did glide.
She sighed and cryd make haste away;
then Morning blushes rose;
I'd sooner try'd, if known the day,
and then a Smile did close.

A Shepheard straight his Crook laid by;
and kindly did resort;
No long debate he need to try,
but soon began the Sport:
Till tyr'd with Bliss, they gave it o're,
and then to Kissing fall;
She sigh'd at this, and wish'd for more;
still, still, for more did call.

Not satisfi'd, till loves free stream
was quite exhausted then;
Fort'd to divide from loves sweet dreams;
but soon they met agen:
And with fresh joys renew the bliss,
whilst pleasing shades are spread;
So Love decoys with happiness,
to win a Maidenhead.

Loves Pallace.

MAgnificent Love, what a Court does he hold,
whose building's more precious than Diamonds or
Wonders of wonders! Oh my Eyes how they daze (gold
Oh! how I'm transported with thought while I gaze,
Each beauty's a Pillar enrichèd with Stars,
And Pearls that inchafed, are with red Corral Bars:
Whilst joy and delight do continually wait
To open, to open the Sacred Gates.

Where Angel-like pleasure is hovering round,
And beauties chief treasure unspotted is found;
In a Grove of fair Myrtle adorn'd with a Spring,
Where Love in his glory his Triumph does sing:
And lodges his Conquering Shafts in the shade,
Pointed with hearts that his Victims he made:
Whilst Joys and delights, do continually wait
To open, to open the Sacred Gates.

Oh! that the God Cupid would but enter Love,
And that I might but in Loves Pallace remain:

How happy I'd think my self! Oh what a bliss
Of endless Enjoyments are linked to this:
I'd there be contented for ever to stay
And to great Loves Dictates obedience pay.
Whilst Joys and delights do continually wait
To open, to open the sacred Gates.

Song.

SHe is gone, gone, for ever the Nymph I adore,
And Fortune and Love can be cruel no more;
Now Fate I defie thee to punish me worse,
Without my Bellenah *my Life's but a curse;*
The thoughts of past pleasure encrease my pain,
When I sadly reflect they will ne'r come again.

A Song.

WHither away my gentle Dick,
And whither away so late?
I'm going to see my Nelly,
So well as I know the Gate:

So weel as I knew the Gate,
but better I ken the Gin;
For let me come early or late,
my *Nelly* will let me in.

No sooner he was gone,
a black-Pudding's by the Fire;
Not one bit Dickey *would Eat,*
till Nelly *had done his desire:*
For Dickey *he knew the way*
to open his Nellys *Ginn;*
And if he came early or late,
his *Nelly* would let him in.

Then Dickey *he Woo'd his* Nelly,
and she did begin to smile;
He stroak'd her over the Belly,
and Nelly *he did beguile:*
For Dickey *was grown so Cunning,*
to open his Nellys *Ginn,*
And when he came early or late,
his *Nelly* would let him in.

Song.

Cidaria has gain'd of Beauty the praise,
Her dazling Lustre excells all the Rays;
The Nymphs are all Clouded when she does appear,
And blushing, give place, not daring draw near,
But flye from the streams, and hide in the shade,
Whilst that her Beauty such Lustre does spread.
But flye, &c.

That the Gods from their spheare look down and admire
And the Cidaria *so Lovely desire;*
Whilst Innocent Virgin, she blushes the while,
And sends up a Sigh, with a Ravishing Smile:
That Oh! I am rapture'd to think of such blisse,
That heaven for me has ordained all this.
that Oh! &c.

Song.

Sawny was talle, and of Noble Race,
and Lov'd me better than any else;
But now he Lies by another Lass,
and Sawny will ne'r be my Love again.

I gave him a fine Scotch Sark and Band,
I gave him House, I gave him Land,
I let him Angle in my Fish-Pond;
But *Sawny* will ne'r be my Love again.

I rab'd the Groves of all their store,
and Nosegays made to give Sawny *e'ne;*
He kist my breast, and fain wou'd he more,
geid faith I thought him a bonny e'ne:
He squeez'd my Fingers, grasp'd my Knee,
And carv'd my Name on each green Tree,
He sigh'd and he languish'd to ligh by me;
Yet *Sawny* will ne'r be my Love again.

My Bongrace and my Sun-burn'd Face,
he prais'd, and also my Russet Gown;
But now he dotes on the Copper-Lace,
of some lewd Quean of London *Town:*
He gan'd and he gave her Curds and Cream,
Whilst I poor soul sat sighing at h'eme,
I'se ne'r joy'd Sawny, *but in a Dream;*
And *Sawny* will ne'r be my Love again.

Song.

Song.

Smiling Phillis *has an Air,*
So Ingaging all men Love her;
But her hidden Beauties are
wonders I dare not discover:
So bewitching that in vain
I endeavour to forget her;
Still she brings me back again,
And I daily Love her better.

Beauty springs within her Eyes,
and from thence is always flowing;
Every minnute doth surprize,
with fresh Beauties still allowing:
Were she but as kind as fair,
never Earth had such a Creature;
But I Dye with jealous Care,
And I daily Love her better.

Song.

Song.

WHere Christial Streams most gently glide,
I saw fair Venus by her side;
The Amorous Adonis stood,
Like to the Rose-eye of Morn;
Ore-shaded by a twinkling wood,
That did the spacious Plains adorn.

He prest her Ruby-Lips, and said,
Oh! may Loves Pleasures never fade;
With that he Kist her Snowy Breasts,
Whilst Beams shot from her Stary Eyes;
Calm grows wars God, when here he rests,
To which the Queen of Love replies.

Oh! happier my Adonis now
Won'd but stern fate these Joys allow;
But ah! I faint, to think thy doom,
When slaughter'd by a cruel Boar,
And I with Cypress deck thy Tomb;
With that she sigh'd and said no more;
With that she, &c.

Song.

DEar Jockey's *gone to the VVood,*
and Dame Jenny's *gone twa,*
Dear Jockey *would court a good,*
but Dame Jenny *says nay.*
Dame Jenny *my dearest Love,*
prithee Jenny *fancy me;*
Thou art the blitheſt bonnieſt Girl,
And the feateſt Laſs,
that e're Jockey's *Eyn ſee.*

When Jockey *had woo'd her thus,*
ſhe ſaid, prithee forbear;
Thou Jockey *art falſe I fear,*
and would Jenny *inſnare:*
Dear Jenny *believe it not,*
that thy Jockey *is untrue,*
For I do ſwear by all that's good,
In this pleaſant VVood,
and by Bonnet that's blew.

VVhy ſud I not now believe,
when dear Jockey *does Swear;*

By bonnet and awe that's good,
that e're Jockey *shall wear:*
Then let us gang heam my Dear,
and be merry there a while;
I love thee heartily my joy,
Thou art the onely Boy,
on whom Jenny *shall smile.*

Of Diana.

AS I travers'd the Woods in a fountain so clear,
The far-fam'd Diana *did naked appear;*
But Oh! such a wonder my eyes had ne'r seen,
More fair then Aurora, *the Mornings bright Queen;*
Like a Pillar of Christial transparent she stood,
Whilst the Auzzar meanders that channel'd her blood

Flush'd her fair Face with so pleasing a hew,
That my dazling Eyes had scarce potence to view;
Whilst on her spread Shoulders her golden locks flow,
And Breasts with their risings far whiter than Snow;
Like Pearl or smooth Ivory shew'd her soft womb,
But Oh! what's beneath I can't wish were my Tomb.

There I'd rest quiet in spight of the Fates,
And seek no more pleasures when entr'd those Gates;
What a Paradice there shou'd I find full of joy,
Whilst thus I consider'd, and strove to draw nigh;
She spy'd me, and swift as the wind took her flight,
And left me confus'd in a Maze of delight.

The Country-mans Complement.

ADs-Zons my dear Jone,
When I met thee alone,
'Twas then my design for to buss thee;
By my Fathers old Shoon,
Or the Light of the Moon,
I swear that thou shalt not be Crusty.

No, if I wou'd touse thee,
And Lustily rouse thee,
Nay, tho' I shou'd claw thy black hole:
For I tell thee Uds-fut,
'Tis for love of thy Scut,
Which resembles a Cat or a Cole.

Which makes me design
For to yoak my self thine,

For I long for a Smatch of the same;
Oh! then let thy black Cat
So bemumble my Rat,
That we ne'r may Repent the Old Game.

The Careless Lover.

SOmnus thou God who easest cares,
soft slumbers dwell upon thy brow:
Brother to Death, which nothing spares,
but to his fatal shafts all bow:
Haste, haste, and close my waking Eyes,
let these tormenting thoughts no more
My Languish'd Soul with fears surprize,
but waft them to Oblivions shore.

Let no fond Visions terrifie,
nor whining Lovers Ghosts appear;
Least I again with Love comply,
again to bow with cringing fear;
Once more to be by Females cross'd,
Court base-born-beauties for disdain;
And be in Loves dark Abis lost,
for those that let me suffer pain.

CAn Life be a Bleſſing,
That's worth our poſſeſſing?
Can Life be a bleſſing if Love were away?
Ah no! though our Love all night keeps us waking,
and though he torment us with cares all the day:
Yet he ſweetens, he ſweetens, our pains in the taking;
there's an hour at the laſt, an hour to repay.

In every poſſeſſing,
So Heavenly a bleſſing,
in every poſſeſſing the fruit of our pain:
Poor Lovers forget long ages of anguiſh,
what e're they have ſuffer'd and done to obtain:
'Tis a pleaſure, a pleaſure, to ſigh and to languiſh,
when we hope, when we hope, to be happy again.

For Love is a Bleſſing,
That's worth our poſſeſſing,
great Love is that bleſſing for which we contend;
Incircled in pleaſures, to charms that are laſting,
how happy are Lovers that mutually bend:
Oh to manage, to manage, their loves without waſting,
thoſe Heavenly, Heavenly, moments to ſpend.

The

The Mournful KING.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

ON the bleak Mountains I reside,
o're rugged Alpine Hills I stray;
The Cold North winds sharp Frosts abide,
with Globes of Ice I usual play:
Lodge in a hollow Rock, which Shrouds
Its top among the Marble Clouds.

Nature her self starts to behold
how I dispise her utmost Rage;
With Scorching heat, and Freezing Cold,
I unconcern'd can still ingage:
Since my Dorinda's lost, i'le grieve,
Whilst Death proves kind, and me relieve.

No Mountain Lyon could destroy,
nor bloody Tygar o're Devour;
The sparkling object of my Joy,
no, but she's ravish'd by some Power:
And made a second Virgin Star,
Behold how bright she shines from far.

Under her Influence here i'le stay,
and brave the cruel Fate, whose hand

Did

Did my Dorinda *hence Conveys*
here throw my Scepters and Commands:
Let crouds of Sorrows wait on me,
I'le weep a Marble Niobe.

The Amorous Youth.

SO Ravishing fair, is the Nymph that I love,
As spotless and as Chast as an innocent Dove,
Adorn'd with bright Vertues, and all that we prize
Which first made me yield to her couquering eyes:
Such glorious perfections in a Mortal so met,
May charm the high Jove, *and his* Juno *defeat;*
Her Smiles are so powerful they melt me like snow,
And makes the strong Tides of my passion o're-flow.

But Oh! she proves cruel, for when I request,
She turn'd away blushing, whilst silence exprest;
That a Cloud of displeasure o're-cast her bright face
VVhich otherwise Angel-like, Nature did Grace:
So she makes me despair, and lament my hard fate,
VVhilst a thousand fond fancies my thoughts do create
Oh! she stabs me with fears when I think on the power,
She has to destroy me, o'rewhelm'd in Loves tower.

A Carrouse.

Here's a health to the Man in the Moon,
who Claret drinks all the Night long;
And like us, must be Tipsie each Noon,
if his Liquor like ours, be Strong.

But fill each man his Glass, we lose,
come troul about briskly Boys, so
Each fancy may rise as sublime,
and our wits three times quicker will grow.

Then let the dull Soul who ne'r knew
the powerful pleasures of Wine;
Base wealth with hard Labour pursue,
whilst by drinking we grow more Divine.

And baffle all dangers and Cares,
whilst as merry as Princes we Live;
Let us drink each a Quart for his share,
whilst Mad-men and Fools sit and grieve.

On his Grace the DUKE of *Monmouth.*

GReat Monmouth's a Duke,
so flush'd with Renown;
Tho' Fortune Rebuke,
he fears not her frown:
His Conquering Laurells
are green on his Brow;
Tho' Fate with him quarrels,
his Vertue'l ne'r bow.

Brave Conduct in Arms,
and Glory in Field;
Like Mars *in alar'ums,*
his Sword he does weild.
Brave causes attend him,
where ever he goes;
Victoria *defends him,*
i'th midst of his foes.

So dreadful in War,
a Prince of such Fame;
That none can compare
with his Victorious Name:

Then let him for ever
in happineſs dwell;
And may the Fates never,
againſt him Rebell, &c.

On Love.

OH! Sacred, Sacred ſhalt thou be,
God of Love,
Who doſt move
From above,
Here to prove,
Mighty Jove
Has made thee from Eternity:
Fire and Ayr,
Do declare
Thy wiſe care
To prepare,
And ſo ſhare
Earth, Seas, and all the Starry frame,
From thy Throne,
Thou alone,
Haſt made known,
And haſt ſhown
What was done
From Everlaſting to thy Fame?

The

Then to thee
Let us flee,
And be free,
That we may
Happy be,
And Triumph in thy Sempeternal Name.

A Song to be Sung by the Four SEASONS.

Spring.

I Cloath the Naked Earth with Green,
In me fair Flora's *Glory's ſeen;*
The fragrant Ayr and pureſt Soil,
On me the imbroider'd world does ſmile:
The warbling ſtrains o'th' winged Quire,
With harmleſs Mirth all things inſpire.

Summer.

Sweet ſwelling Chaplets grace my Brows,
Whilſt bluſhing Fruits the tender Boughs
Preſs, and the fragrant Fields ſtill pay
Me homage, and beſtrow my way
With balmy Spices, precious Gums,
Incence, and coſtly Ammomums.

Autumn.

I with Rich ſwelling Cluſters chear
The hearts of Men, expelling fear;
Driving thoſe wandring cares away,
That wou'd their Souls to Fate betray;
And bring forth Natures perfect Birth,
Fruit fills the Store-Houſe of the Earth.

Winter.

I like Old Age come hurrying on,
With Snow-white hairs, and Rhume upon
My dangling Locks, Miſts bind my Brows
With driſling Rains, my Face ſtill weeps
With Froſts, decripped Nature bows,
I lock the Fountains of the deep:
By me the Floods, as in a Cage,
Are charm'd, and nought withſtands my rage.

A Song to the KING.

Live long the great Cœsar, *and long may he reign,*
His Throne let the Sword of bright justice sustain;
And Jehova *protect with his powerful Arm,*
And guard him secure from all dangers and harm
Of dazling Angels, let Legions sur-round,
And let him with Conquests and glory be Crown'd.

Let Majesty shine with its sparkling Rays,
On his Sacred Head let the flourishing Bays,
Of Triumph and honour, for ever be green,
And let his proud Foes in Confusion be seen:
To flye from his face, let Rome *no more dare,*
To send forth her Agents, a Prince to Insnare.

In whom all the Graces are joyntly combin'd,
VVhom thou as a pattern, hast set to Man-kind;
But let the vile Pope and his Jesuit Train,
Be silenc'd in Darkness, whilst Cœsar *does Reign:*
Oh! let his proud Foes be consum'd in their pride,
VVhilst under his Scepter we safely abide.

A

A Song in Season.

When Jeſuits *ceaſe to be Cruel,*
and the Pope does lament for his ſins,
And eſteems more his Faith then his Jewels,
Oh! then Englands *Peace it begins:*
If thoſe Foxes of Rome,
Were Nip'd in their Bloom,
Oh! how happy a Nation were this;
But ſince the bold Train
Of Jeſuits *Reign,*
Adue to old Englands *fair bliſs:*
Her former Delight,
And pleaſures take flight,
And her Golden bright days are all gone;
Stern Fate does appear,
And ſeems to draw near,
Whilſt ſhe's left defenceleſs alone.

A New Play-House Song.

1. *HEar ye ſullen Powers below,*
hear ye Taskers of the Dead;
2. *You that boyling Cauldrons blow,*
you that ſcum the Molten Lead.
3. *You that pinch with Red-hot Tongs,*
you that drive the trembling Hoaſts,
Of poor, poor, Ghoſts,
with your ſharpned Prongs.
2. *You that thruſt e'm from the Brim,*
3. *You that plunge e'm when they ſwim.*
1. *Till they Drown,*
Till they go
On a Row
Down, down, down,
Ten thouſand, thouſand, Thouſand fathams low,
Chorus. Till they Drown, &c.

1. *Muſick for a while,*
Shall your Cares beguile,
Wondering how your pains were eas'd,
2. *And diſdaining to be pleas'd.*

3. *Till*

3. *Till Sleep set the Dead,*
from their Eternal Bands;
Till the Snakes drop from her Head,
and Whip from out her Hands.

1. *Come away,*
Do not stay,
But obey,
Whilst we play,
For Hell's broke up, and Ghosts have Holy-day.

Chorus. Come away, &c.

FINIS.